

MAcRocoSm

by Vulcan2312

Category: RWBY

Genre: Family, Tragedy

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-13 04:23:33

Updated: 2016-04-13 04:23:33

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:53:35

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 992

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: They were a family through unconventional means, Three Faunus and a human, A farmer, a villager, a mechanic, and an orphan. Read how they make it through Beacon, as they try to save the world, but fail.

MAcRocoSm

Journal # 1 million something, final entry,

The world of remnant is dead, I'm the last survivor. The Grimm are extinct, I can't feel them anymore, the cold, void spots of my thermal sense. The planet is dying, the plants stopped growing, Dust has turned back to useless rocks, and the lava below has cooled.

There is nothing left, I'm alone, without any purpose, I don't even know why I'm writing this. I guess if planetary travellers ever find this rock, they can know the tragic story of civilization fighting for survival, and their failure...

my failure.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>{first person, POV ?}<strong>

I finished my final journal, and tossed it into the time capsule I made. I wrote everything of importance to the story of our planet, good and bad. I flew to the remains of Beacon, the once prestigious academy for huntsmen and huntresses. I put the large capsule at the feet of the statue of Julius Arc and the unknown huntress, I'm still surprised that it's still whole. Not a chip.

I walked towards the Cliff of the Fallen, where my brothers and sisters in arm were buried, a few of them I buried myself. I grabbed a lot of flowers from the overgrown garden of beacon, determine to

pay my respect to every last one of them, I owe them that much.

I walk onto the cliff, and sigh. First grave I met, was little Ruby Rose's, alongside her team. After the destruction of Beacon, Ruby and the JNR of JNPR went off to Haven in search of answers. Weiss went back to Atlas, with her father, but their bullhead was shot down over sea by the Whitefang. Never found the bodies. Yang died in her hometown when it was overran by grimm. Blake remained in Vale for a while, before flying to atlas when reports of whitefang activities picked up. Their graves aren't here, we didn't start burying the dead here till we took it back. With twenty graves to go with.

I quickly put down flowers for all of them, trying to suppress the feelings of old memories from surfacing. "No more, it's over now." I mutter to myself. I make my way around the graves, laying three to five flowers for each one. Finally, I made it to the last three, but I didn't have any flowers left. For them, I return their weapons. I walk to a simple slab on the ground, Rai never cared for style. I put down his two pistols, whose names I never knew.

Next one, was a simple slab as well, but with a bowl of river water from Murray's home village. For him, I reach to a rod on my harness, jerked it out of the latch, and watch as it unfold into a recurve bow, sadly the string is slightly burnt from me when I used it. I set it down, and pulled up my right sleeve. I got to work on removing the complex rigging of the concealed meteor hammer gauntlet, that he once wielded with the grace of a roaring river. Removing bands after bands, keeping the rope from splinching my arm, only got the one left.

And Finally, I moved onto the last one. While technically not a grave, it was where he died, and somehow turned himself into a tree. On the main trunk, was a metal plate, on it were the words: Accacio Sage, second to last to die, Third of four to go. Two vines hang from the tree, what once was his belt, still wraps around him to this day. I pull out his dual tonfas, and wrap the vines around the handles.

I move to the other side of the tree to sit at the edge of the cliff. I'm tired, never thought I'd ever would say those words, but I'm tired now. No rest since the fall, a good something years. I pause, and pull out my pocket watch, whose glass face was scratched. It reads 2,045. It reseted a year after the fall.

I haven't rested in two centuries. No wonder I'm tired. "Heh, well, I can say I never slept through the death of the world. \_Ha.\_" I got up, and reached into the backpack my metal wings form. I pulled out a length of rope, already tied in a deadman's noose. I flew up to a high branch of the tree that was my cousin. I tie the rope around the trunk, and weaved it through two branches. This was going to leave me hang two feet off the ground, and it's 10 foot drop.

I look one last time to the setting sun, hoping it's the last. I took off my bowler hat, still marvelled at it's near perfect condition for 2 centuries of fighting. I put my head through the loop, and returned the hat to my head. I pulled out a detonator, some of the last usable dust was currently attached to my back, and it's unstable too. I press the button, and the dust blew off my wings, and damaging my spine. I was rocketed forward, before the rope went taut, and jerk my neck back, breaking it.

And as I'm slowly dieing for the one-hundredth time, my body drop,  
and the noose jerk my neck again, this time cutting off my air  
supply. 'And this is how the last being on Remnant dies.' I thought  
to myself, one last time.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Hello fanfic reader, I see you have stumbled upon my  
fic, don't worry, this is not a one-shot, this is the end to the  
beginning. And if y'all have read my other stories, don't worry, I'm  
working on them. So, without further ado, I say goodnight, morning,  
orbit, noon, evening, or midnight.<strong>

End  
file.